

THE NEW PLAYS

"The Rector's Garden"
Proves a Dramatic
Burial Ground.

DUSTIN FARNUM has a hard row to hoe in "The Rector's Garden." Why Manager Henry B. Harris has set him to work at this hopeless task, after Robert Edison gave it up as a bad job months ago, may be none of our business, but at any rate it's a mystery worth mentioning. With three plays dead on his hands already this season, Mr. Harris may have been looking for a dramatic burial ground. In any event, he has found one in "The Rector's Garden."

Budding ambition is a tender thing, and it may seem cruel to wound the feelings of so young an author as Byron Oakley. But the truth of the matter at the Bijou is that "The Rector's Garden" is filled with sentimental rubbish. You may rake it from beginning to end without finding anything of the slightest dramatic value.

The rector himself isn't a bad character. If you happened to live in his parish you would probably say to yourself, "He's not a bad fellow—I'll go to hear him preach." And if you dozed off, like a leading member of the con-

Who is that gliding through the window? Who indeed but William Courtenay, alias Felix Cooper, just graduated from West Point and ready to fight for Blanche. He has asked her to go for a row on the river, but he can't find a safe, and he accuses the rector of having hidden them. He raises an ungodly row right there in the chapel. He tells the rector that he is one part priest and two parts man of the world. Think of that! Then he comes out to hunt for Blanche and she goes in to look for him. While the rector is in



Dustin Farnum as Dr. Prince-Grace Elliston as Blanche Cincinoli.

his room Blanche climbs into the pulpit to try her voice at preaching. Coming down the steps she tears her skirt. The rector tells her to go into his room; she will find pins there. In she goes. Of course she must come out again. And of course she comes out just as Felix comes in. And of course Felix takes a West Point view of the situation.

Felix goes from bad to worse. Poor Mr. Courtenay! First he's a booby, next a cad, and then a fool. The rector justifies to accusations against himself, but he won't hear a word against Blanche. He has just been appointed Bishop of Montana when Felix calls upon him to explain a story of attempted train robbery and his connection with a gambling house before he came East. The good man admits that he did work in a saloon to keep from starving and that he did plan to rob a train carrying gold from a mine which had been stolen from him. After hearing his side of the story all but Felix agree that he will make a tip-top boy.

This scene gives Mr. Farnum his innings, and he makes the most of his small opportunity. Mr. Courtenay is much worse off, for Felix makes a complete chump of himself by declaring he will resign from the army rather than go away and give up Blanche to the rector. But he is finally made to see that he hasn't a fighting chance of winning her. Miss Elliston comes out of the long squabble quite unruffled.

The action is fairly good, but "The Rector's Garden" is beyond salvation. CHARLES DARTON.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

His Rival Is Jealous.

Dear Betty:
I AM eighteen and deeply in love with a girl of seventeen, and she confesses that she loves me. Another young man is deeply in love with her also, and persists in paying attention to her. He is of a very jealous disposition and threatens to enlist in the navy because his love is not returned. What shall I do?
B. B.

As the young lady returns your love, why bother about the other man? If your love affairs progress smoothly his jealousy should not disturb you. However, you are too young to love and should turn your attention to books and work instead of girls.
A. Rade Suitor.

Dear Betty:
I AM seventeen and am deeply in love with a young man eighteen whom I have known about two months. There is only one fault with this young man. Whenever he makes an appointment with me he very seldom keeps it. When I ask him why he disappoints me he always says he had to study, as he goes to college. Do you think I am wasting my time with him, and do you think he really loves me, as he says he does?
HEARTBROKEN.

The young man is extremely rude. He cannot have a very deep affection for you, or he would not treat you in that way. I think you are wasting time with him.
Too Young for Boys.

Dear Betty:
I AM twenty-two and know only a few girls. The time goes very slowly, and I would like very much to meet a nice girl I could have as a good

friend. Can you advise me how to become better acquainted? LONELY.

You might join a settlement club, where there are many nice girls who would probably be glad to offer friendship to a lonely young man.

She Likes Two Men.

Dear Betty:
I AM engaged to a young lady who insists on being very friendly with a young man employed by the same firm. I have spoken to her about it quite often, and she always denied it. She told me that she loves her, and she likes him. Do you think I have sufficient cause to break the engagement?
A. B.

Tell the young lady she must choose between you and the other man, as you will not share her affections with another. In this way you give her the opportunity of breaking the engagement if she so desires, which is much more gentlemanly than breaking it yourself.
Give Her Up.

I HAVE been engaged to a young lady for the past year. I took her to a skating rink recently and, as I couldn't skate, she came to me with another fellow and ordered me to go home, as I was a dunce and couldn't do anything. I have given this young lady some very valuable presents. What would you advise me to do? Give her up or learn to skate?
T. F.

Give her up. She did very wrong to speak to you in that manner before another man, and showed no consideration for your feelings. She will probably return the presents when the friendship ceases.

Their First Trip.

"O you admire the capitals of Europe," remarked the friend who met them at the pier. "Did you take in all the great sights?"

"Not all of them," replied Mrs. Backwoods, with a reminiscent sigh. "The what outlandish diets we did take in didn't agree with us like the good old corn beef and cabbage and pumpkin pie we have down to home."—Chicago News.

20 TALES OF THE PLAINS

By Buffalo Bill
(William F. Cody.)

No. 4 How I Got the Title "Buffalo Bill"

IF there is one question above all others that I am tired of answering, this is it:
"How did you happen to be called 'Buffalo Bill'?"

So I will tell the story, almost as much to stop those queries as in the hope of spinning an interesting yarn. Twelve hundred men were laying the

tracks and roadbed of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. There was plenty of food for them, such as it was. But they grew tired of canned beans and "salt horse," and wanted fresh meat once in a while. Goldard, the contractor, was afraid he'd have trouble on his hands, so they hit on the plan of feeding the whole party on buffalo meat.

Buffaloes roamed the plains by the hundred thousand in those days, and they were about the cheapest and easiest food to find. I had some skill at hunting, so Goldard employed me, at \$500 a month, to supply him with 500 buffalo. That was at the rate of twelve a day.

There was no great difficulty in finding that number of buffalo. But there was still less difficulty in finding a far larger number of decidedly hostile Indians. That was what made the job well worth the money. For it was a life-and-death game. They say in playing polo everything

depends on your pony. In buffalo hunting the pony is as important as the hunter himself. A good "buffalo pony" was worth a fortune. I had just such a little horse. He was so homely and staid and crafty that I named him Brigham Young, after the old Mormon, who was a great character at that time.

I bought a needle gun (breach-loading) and nicknamed the weapon "Laurelia," after the Georgia woman in history who was so deadly and murderous.

For a long time luck was with me. Then the buffalo herds drifted away and for a few days there wasn't a sign of them. One morning I sighted a herd travelling pretty fast, a long distance off. I grabbed up "Laurelia" and jumped on Brigham's bare back and started after them. I was in such a hurry that I didn't wait for saddle or bridle. But the rope halter was good enough for the wise little horse. He knew what was up as well as I did.

Off we went, lickety-split, trying to cut off the herd before it got away. The buffaloes slowed down pretty soon. Just then I ran across half a dozen mounted men. They were officers from the fort and they were out on a buffalo hunt. They had struck the trail of the same herd I was following.

They were spruce and rode showy horses. They nudged each other as I ambled up, and one of two of them grinned. I suppose, with my old hunting shirt and "chaps" and that slanting little horse, with no saddle or bridle, I must have looked to them like a back country greenhorn. So they began to talk to me in a patronizing sort of fashion.

"After buffalo, son?" asked one of them.

"I thought I'd try to see if maybe I could hit one," I stammered, looking as stupid as I could.

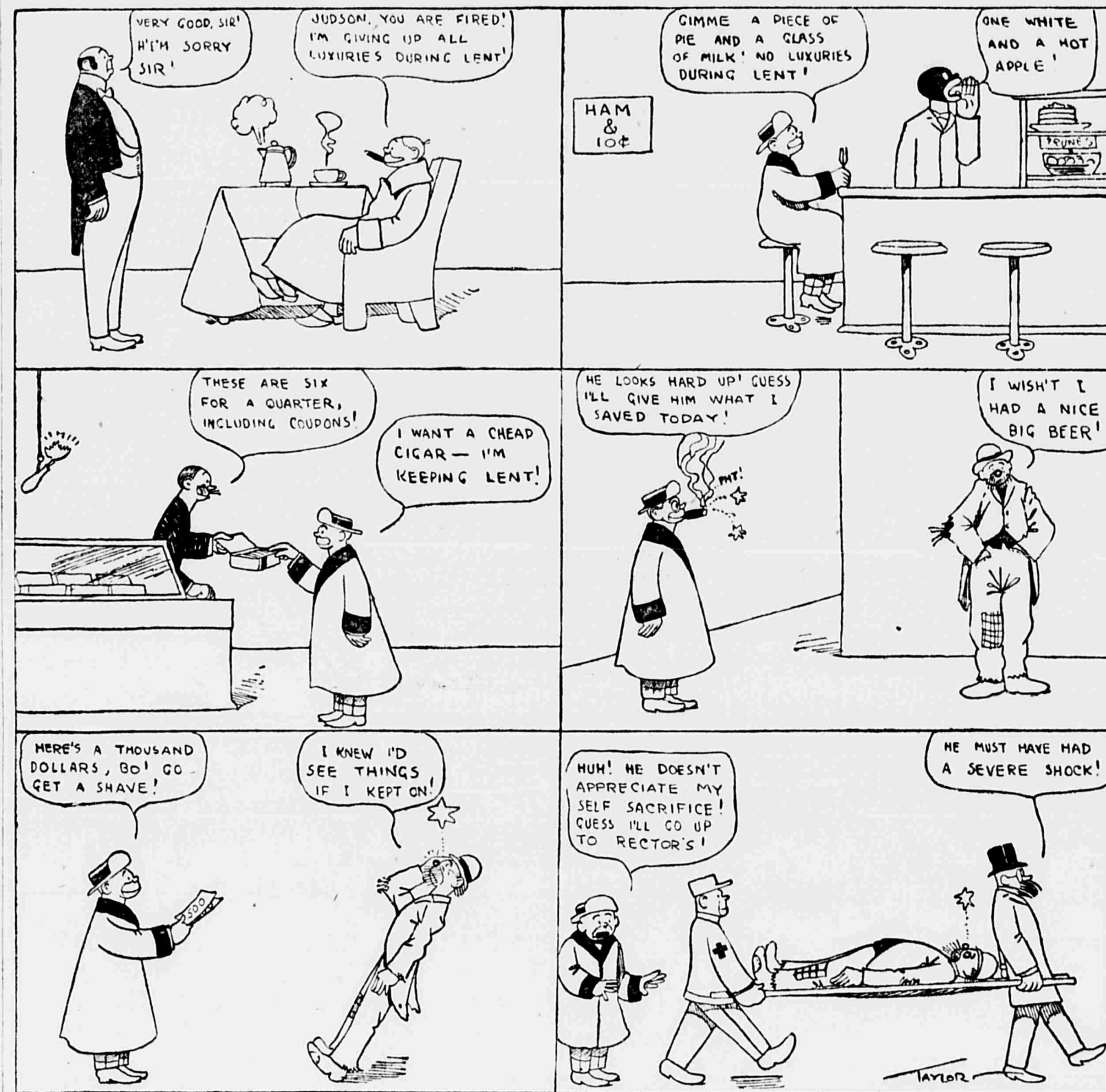
"You won't get far with that old plough horse," said another.

There were eleven buffalo in all. I fired twelve shots. Down came the entire herd. The last fell as the officers came into range. I never saw so surprised a crowd in my life.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you can shoot any of those eleven dead ones you choose and tell the folks at home you've shot a buffalo."

Well, the story went the rounds, and one of the officers, when he heard my name, began calling me "Buffalo Bill."

The Million-Dollar Kid



Things for Women to Know. Home Hints.

Pumpkin Pie.

TAKE can of best pumpkin, stew down until two-thirds remain, watching carefully. Beat four eggs thoroughly, add two cups granulated sugar, teaspoon ginger, half teaspoon salt, half teaspoon soda, and pumpkin, stirring well, and last add about quart of milk. This will make two large or three ordinary sized pies.

Care for Jelly Glasses.

AS soon as jelly glasses are emptied wash carefully and tell covers. Take off covers, pack glasses in paper boxes wide enough for two tiers of glasses. Put covers in same box and set on high pantry shelf. When needed, glasses and covers are clean and ready for use.

Sham Champagne.

TARTARIC ACID, one ounce; one good sized lemon; ginger root, one ounce; white sugar, one and one-half pounds; water, two and one-half gallons; yeast, one gill. Slice lemon and bruise the ginger; mix all except the yeast; boil the water and pour it upon them and let stand until cooled to blood heat, then add the yeast and let it stand in the sun all day. At night bottle, tying the corks, and in two days it will be fit to use.

Potato Mucilage.

A COLD boiled potato will take the place of mucilage for pasting small articles. Cut in half and rub over desired surface.

Safety Shelves.

Keep bottle covers and galvanized pie plates from dropping from shelves and tables in pantry get three laths and two slats about one inch and a half thick and eighteen inches long. Nail one lath at the end of slats on either end, forming the bottom; the two remaining laths about four inches apart. Nail it anywhere it would be convenient. It will give ample space for covers, etc., and save work.

The Last Item on the Menu.



Her Ladyship—Have you given Fido his soup?

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

Buttons—Yes 'um.

The Best New Jokes of the Day.

HAVE A LAUGH.

GEO. ADE IN EGYPT.

"WHEN George Ade wintered in Egypt," said a Baltimorean, "I amused him a good deal to see the serious way in which his fellow tourists took the matter of the Arabic tongue. They had picked up all this funny knowledge in a week or two's reading, but they acted as though it was the precious fruit of a lifetime's study. At Assuan a young woman from St. Joseph complained that she could not understand the Arabic of her guide. To the crowd that encircled her she pointed out the guide—a bent old fellow with a white beard—and she said bitterly that, after her thorough study of Arabic, it seemed strange that she and this guide could not converse. From the rear of the crowd Ade called gravely: 'It's your own fault, Miss Hudson. You should have hired a younger guide. These worthless old ones all speak gum Arabic!'"

SAVING HIMSELF.

"YOU don't mean to say," remarked Wise, "that you made a present of that \$5 to Borrow-man?"

"Yes," replied Markley. "I had to to save my own self-respect."

"I don't understand; I thought you loaned it to him."

"So I did, not knowing any better. But now I don't want anybody to be here was ever foolish enough to expect it back!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

JUST LIKE RICH FOLKS.

"MARSHALL FIELD, Jay Gould and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.

"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can respectfully say the same about me."—Washington Herald.

"I'll do my best," I answered. "Can I go along with you?"

"Sorry, but we're in a hurry," I laughed the first officer, "but if you can catch up with us in time we'll let you take a shot at the buffalo after we've killed them. Then you can tell the folks at home you've shot one."

They galloped off. I took a short cut, to head off the herd as they came to a river to westward, for I knew they were making for water. I got to the river in time to turn them. The officers were just coming into sight as I began to shoot. I gave Brigham a word, and he came alongside one of the nearest buffaloes. I fired. Down came the buffalo and Brigham carried me along to the next. And so on.

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